

Scribe

Home is where I can write
Pulling lined or blank pages out of my bloodstream
I'm honored to have found refuge in my imagination
This is not a courtesy that I always extended myself
Yet my spirit's words seem to know the right thing to say even when my mind is
filled with the wrong ideas
Home is pages of my book
& it sure as shit is not a monolith
This book doesn't become any less real if you
don't read it or believe it
or judge it by its cover
because
it has journal entries from roots planted in soil seven seas afar
whose flowers still bloom in my heart
whose pieces were reborn in the waves of the desi diaspora
it is filled with script of fleeting love that I've left in hopes that I will find it again
within new chapters of my book
I am home in between lines of my life's script
This home is decorated with couches made of cursive
Scaffolding made of dreams
Ceilings that the women in my lineage have been kicking in since the beginning of
time
Floorboards pumping faith into the soles of my feet so that even when the world
finds my Achilles heel
I'll be standing ten toes down
Walls painted with hues of maroon, the shade of the soil of my mother tongue
whose calls ring in my taste buds
A house they say does not simply become a home when you attach pieces of wood,
brick or mortar
Home is where my body writes my story for me
For I am her scribe
Because home for me, is where I can write

Walls

When you come from a line of women who are builders
you get really good at building walls
around your heart
So, that those who have hurt you before cannot again
around your throat
So, that those who stifle your truth cannot again
around your mind
So, that you don't know too much too soon
leaving your joy in the wind because when they say ignorance is bliss
they really mean that
because once you find out the way the world works
all you want to do is build walls
to border yourself in
to not engage with the noise
to erect a tower that keeps you in peace
in integrity
I come from a line of women who are builders
They've built empires out of the sky
taken refuge in the moon
turned the soil fertile
I'm tired of building walls
of limiting myself to the expectations of what
woman
is to be
I am being, limitless
These walls don't belong in me
This cage I'm making is suffocating
It's pulling
joy
killing freedom
But, every time I get flustered
I remind myself that
The women in my lineage weren't building walls to cage themselves in
they were building to keep those that don't belong
out